See funny Bugs Bunny on page 17!

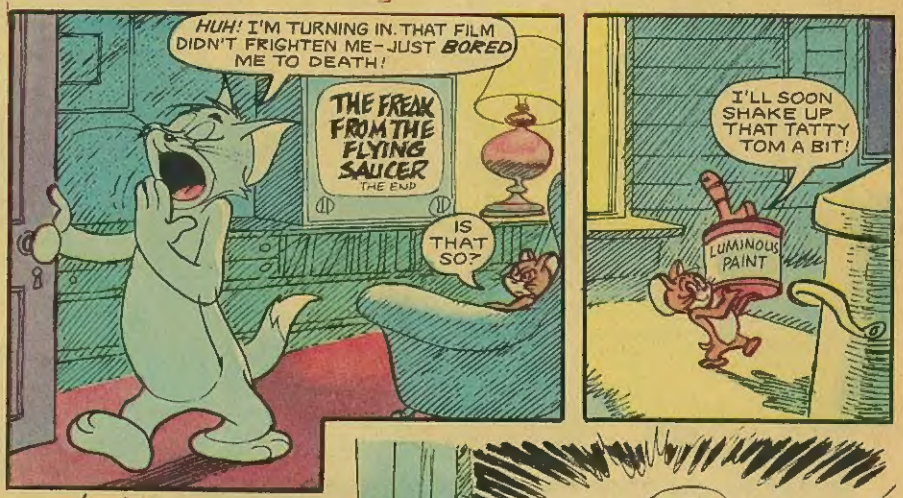
TV COMIC

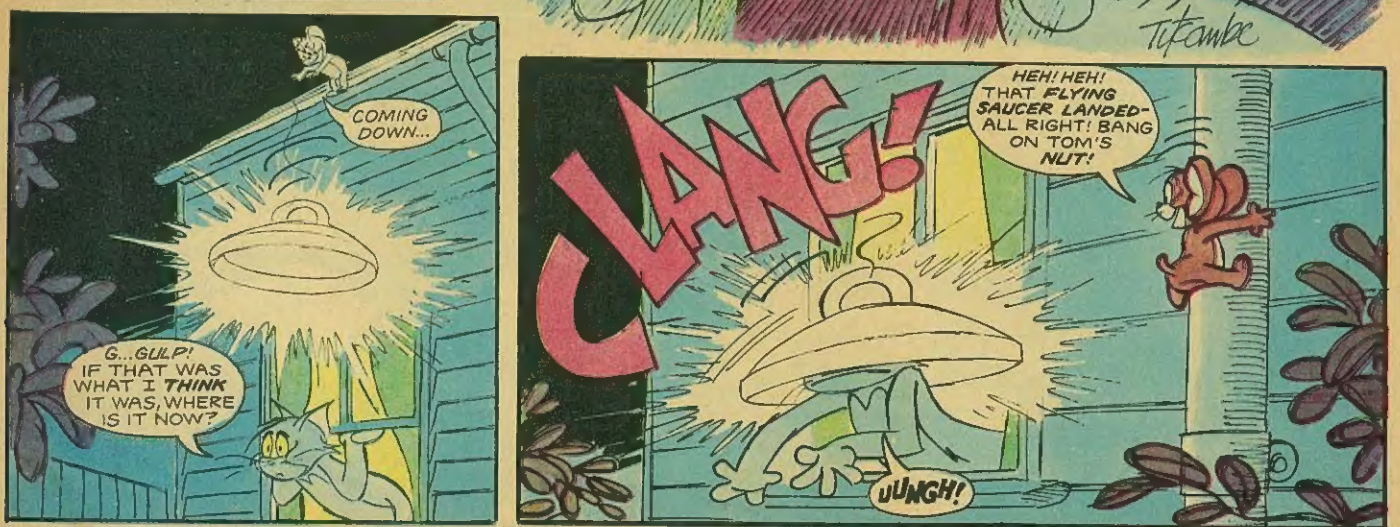
6p

A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

Every Monday | Week ending July 13, 1974 | Number 1178

TOM and JERRY


HUH! I'M TURNING IN. THAT FILM DIDN'T FRIGHTEN ME—JUST BORED ME TO DEATH!
THE FREAK FROM THE FLYING SAUCER
THE END
IS THAT SO?
I'LL SOON SHAKE UP THAT TATTY TOM A BIT!
LUMINOUS PAINT


COMING DOWN...
G...GULP! IF THAT WAS WHAT I THINK IT WAS, WHERE IS IT NOW?
CLANG!
HEH! HEH! THAT FLYING SAUCER LANDED— ALL RIGHT! BANG ON TOM'S NUT!
UUNGH!

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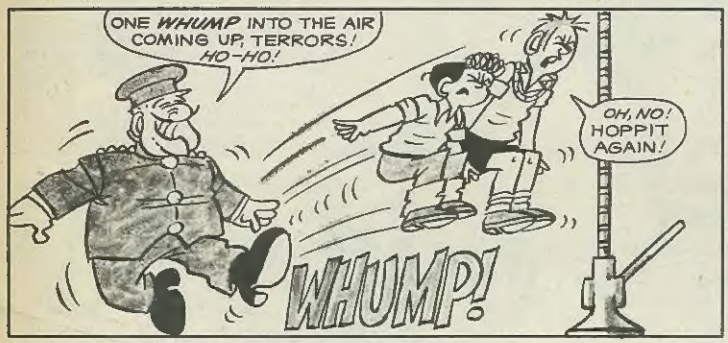
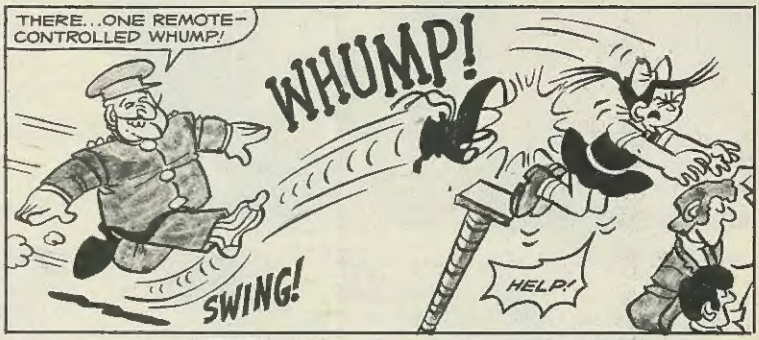
Fly to page 2

GRR! I'VE A FEELING THIS IS THAT RODENT'S WORK...
LATER...
JERRY'LL WANT TO PUT SOME SPACE BETWEEN US, WHEN I SETTLE HIM. FIRST, I NEED MAID'S OLD FANCY-DRESS MASK!
AND HER COAT SHOULD MAKE ME LOOK FURRY NASTY!
QUIETLY DOES IT! I'LL STARTLE THAT RODENT FROM HIS SLEEP!
GROWL!
HUH?
SARDINES
NIGHT LIE
TOM'S ABOUT TO BECOME AN UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECT, READERS!
WHERE'S THAT RODENT GOT TO?
AFTER ALL, HE'S CERTAINLY FLYING ALONG... AND HE LOOKS KINDA MISSHAPEN!
WHACK!
NEXT MOMENT..
WHAT ON EARTH WAS THAT NOISE...? SHRIEEEK!
LOOKS LIKE THE SAUCERS ARE REALLY FLYING NOW, EH, READERS? HEH! HEH! AND TOM CAN'T MISS THOSE! CHUCKLE!
I'LL TEACH YOU, YOU TATTY TOM... TAKE THAT AND THAT!
YEEOW! OOH!

Picnic panic with your pals next week.

TV Terrors





Swimming sniggers with the Terrors soon.

CANNON

FRANK CANNON is trying to trace the murderer of Judge Wilson, whose recent death has been linked with Cannon's attempted assassination. In each case a wreath is delivered with a verse attached. Cannon is certain that the secret lies amongst the Army Intelligence team he belonged to in Korea. To help track down the killer, Colonel Schneider, his old CO, has organised Cannon's funeral. But when Cannon goes to a light flashing in the old bell-tower of the church . . .

SO YOU DIDN'T DIE, FAT MAN? THEN PERHAPS I CAN GET YOU ANOTHER WAY AFTER I'VE DISPOSED OF THE COLONEL!

STAKED OUT BY THE POLICE, THE MOURNERS CROWD THE GRAVESIDE AS THE LAST RIGHTS ARE GIVEN TO THE EMPTY COFFIN...

THE KILLER LOOKS OUT FROM HIS VANTAGE POINT...

I'LL TAKE THE COLONEL ON, RIGHT UNDER THEIR NOSES! THEY WON'T STOP ME. AND FRANK CANNON CAN HELP ME!

NO SIGN OF TROUBLE YET, Mc CARTHY?

NOT A WHISPER, LIEUTENANT.

WHO LET THE PRESS IN HERE?

IT'S OKAY, Mc CARTHY, THAT'S HARRY WARREN, THE FAMOUS NEWS CAMERAMAN. APPARENTLY HE WAS A BUDDY OF CANNON'S IN KOREA.

I REMEMBER NOW... THE COLONEL! HE'S GOING TO KILL THE COLONEL!

AS HIS BRAIN GRADUALLY CLEARS, CANNON REMEMBERS THE OMINOUS VERSE...

AS THE BELL TOLLS SOLEMNLY...

WOW! MY HEAD...! SOMEONE SLUGGED ME!

NO GOOD SHOUTING, THEY'D NEVER HEAR ME FOR THE BELLS. THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO... JOIN MY OWN FUNERAL.

AND SO...

...ASHES TO ASHES... GOOD GRIEF!

CANNON!

HUH?

COLONEL! COLONEL SCHNEIDER! HE'S GOING TO KILL YOU NEXT!

WITH SOME RELIEF, CANNON SPOTS THE COLONEL...

COLONEL! COLONEL?

WHY DOESN'T HE ANSWER?

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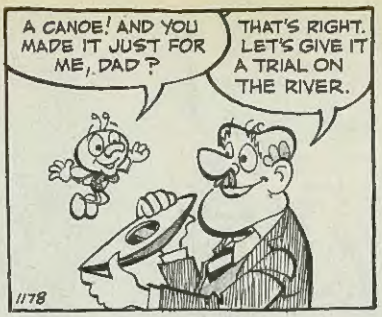
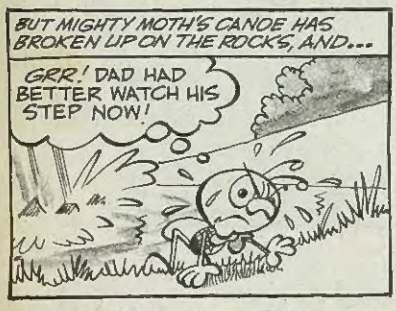
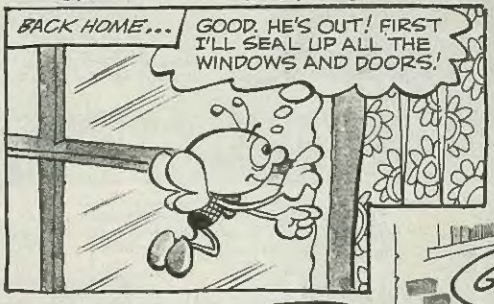
Continued next week.

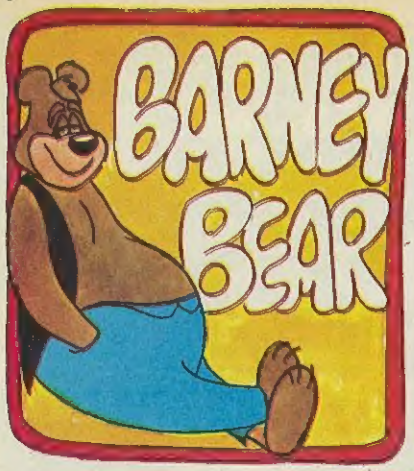
MIGHTY MOTH

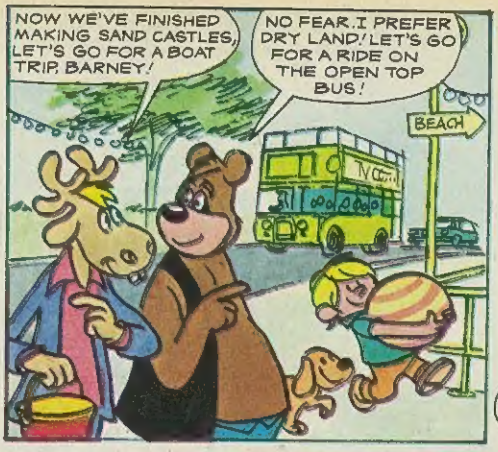




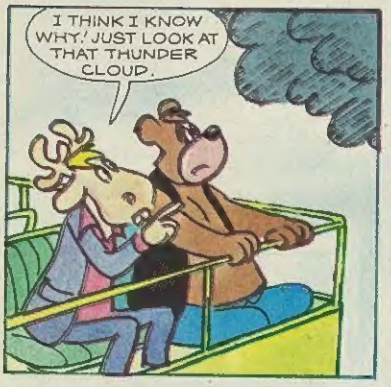


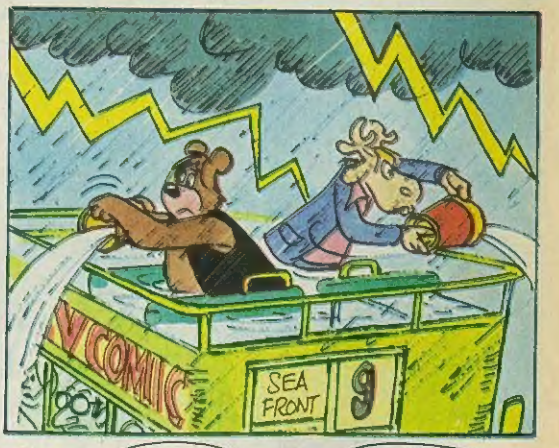
Next week: Mothy's in a 'pig'le!

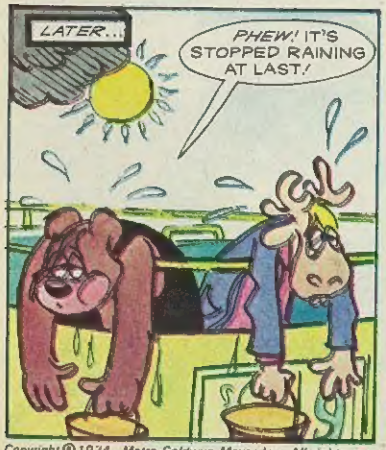



NOW WE'VE FINISHED MAKING SAND CASTLES, LET'S GO FOR A BOAT TRIP, BARNEY!
NO FEAR. I PREFER DRY LAND! LET'S GO FOR A RIDE ON THE OPEN TOP BUS!
BEACH
TV COMIC

THE TROUBLE WITH YOU IS YOU HAVE NO SENSE OF ADVENTURE, BARNEY!
SEA FRONT
9
READ TV COMIC
RIDING UP HERE IS AN ADVENTURE, AND WE HAVE IT ALL TO OURSELVES!







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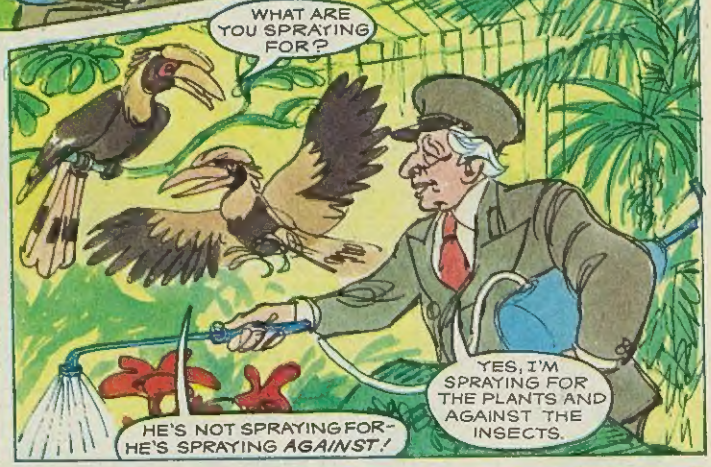
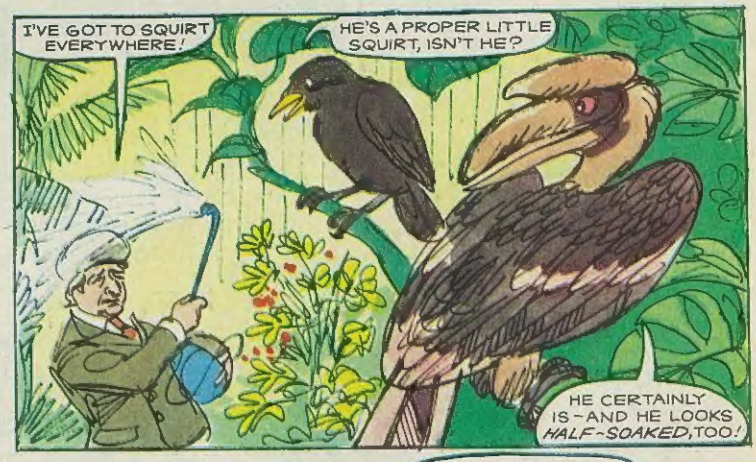
More 'bear'able laughs soon!

Johnny Morris's

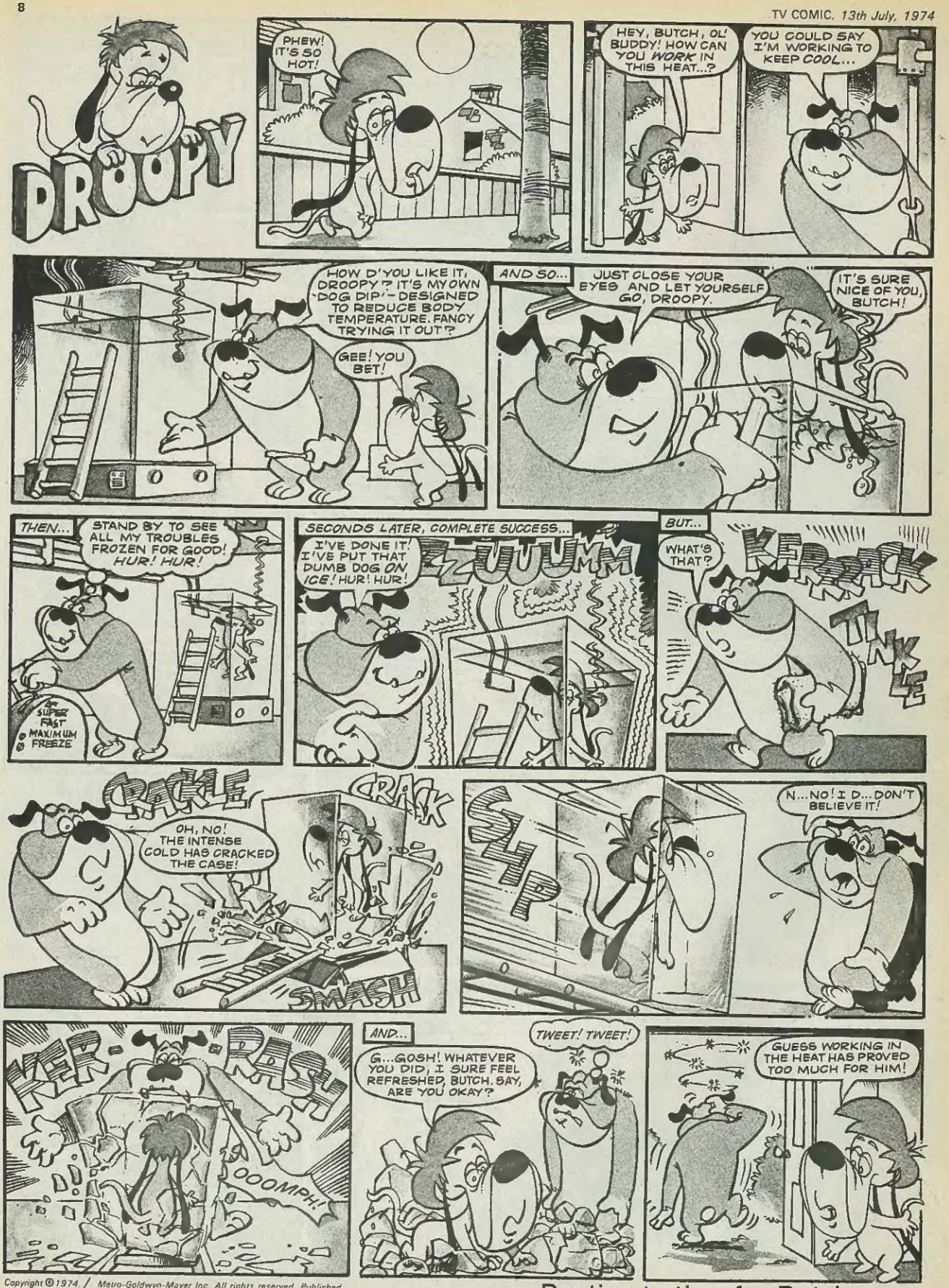
ANIMAL MAGIC


WHAT ARE YOU SPRAYING FOR?
YES, I'M SPRAYING FOR THE PLANTS AND AGAINST THE INSECTS.
HE'S NOT SPRAYING FOR- HE'S SPRAYING AGAINST!



YOU ARE GREAT JOKERS, YOU MYNAHS AND HORNBILLS. I TAKE MY HAT OFF TO YOU.
WE WOULD TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO YOU, LITTLE SQUIRT, IF WE HAD ANY!

Meet the Puffer Fish here next week.


DROOPY
PHEW! IT'S SO HOT!
HEY, BUTCH, OL' BUDDY! HOW CAN YOU WORK IN THIS HEAT..?
YOU COULD SAY I'M WORKING TO KEEP COOL...
HOW D'YOU LIKE IT, DROOPY? IT'S MY OWN 'DOG DIP'- DESIGNED TO REDUCE BODY TEMPERATURE. FANCY TRYING IT OUT?
GEE! YOU BET!
AND SO...
JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES AND LET YOURSELF GO, DROOPY.
IT'S SURE NICE OF YOU, BUTCH!
THEN...
STAND BY TO SEE ALL MY TROUBLES FROZEN FOR GOOD! HUR! HUR!
SUPER FAST MAXIMUM FREEZE
SECONDS LATER, COMPLETE SUCCESS...
I'VE DONE IT! I'VE PUT THAT DUMB DOG ON ICE! HUR! HUR!
ZZUUUMM
BUT...
WHAT'S THAT?
KERRACK
TINKLE
CRACKLE
CRACK
OH, NO! THE INTENSE COLD HAS CRACKED THE CASE!
SMASH
SHP
N...NO! I D...DON'T BELIEVE IT!
KER-RASH
DU
OOOMPH!
AND...
G...GOSH! WHATEVER YOU DID, I SURE FEEL REFRESHED, BUTCH. SAY, ARE YOU OKAY?
TWEET! TWEET!
GUESS WORKING IN THE HEAT HAS PROVED TOO MUCH FOR HIM!

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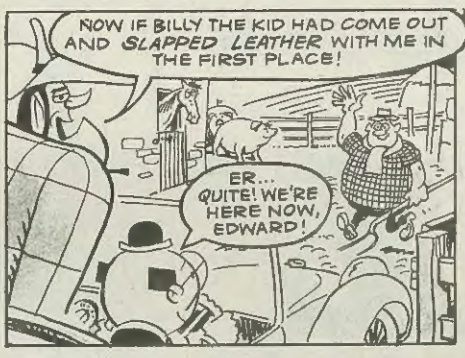
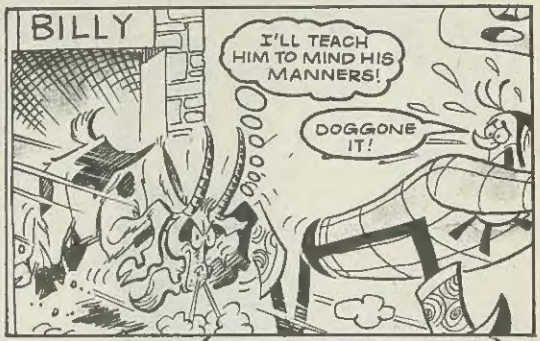
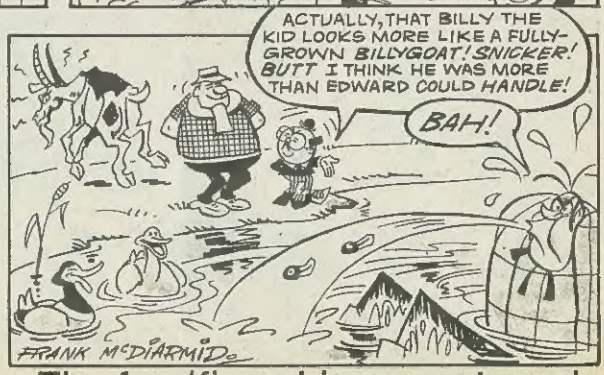
Boating bother for Butch soon.

Texas Ted

...ONLY ALL THEM THAR HILLS REMINDS ME O' THE TIME AH WAS ON THE TRAIL O' THAT ORNERY OUTLAW, BILLY THE KID!
IT WOULD! SEEMS I SPOKE TOO SOON!

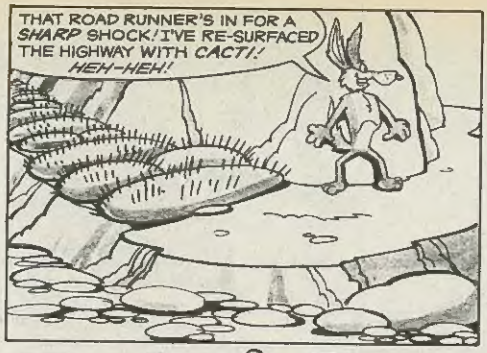


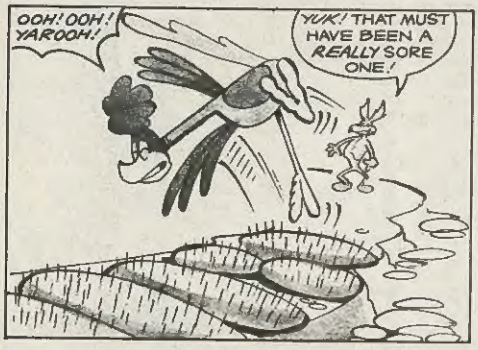


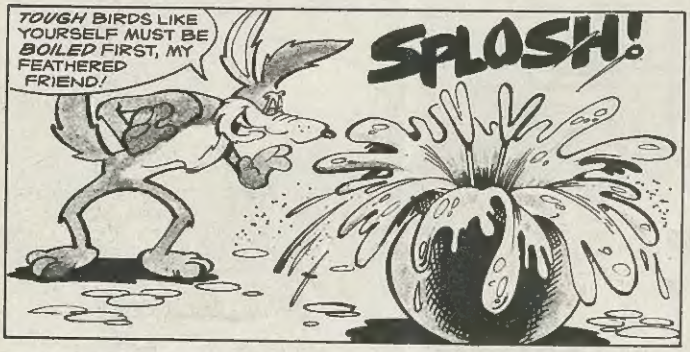

ACTUALLY, THAT BILLY THE KID LOOKS MORE LIKE A FULLY-GROWN BILLYGOAT! SNICKER! BUTT I THINK HE WAS MORE THAN EDWARD COULD HANDLE!
BAH!
FRANK McDIARMID

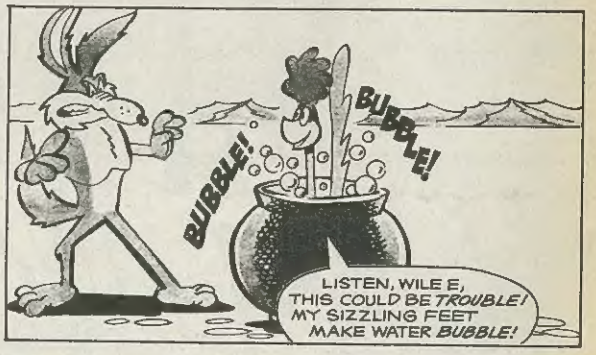
The fun 'fizzes' here next week.

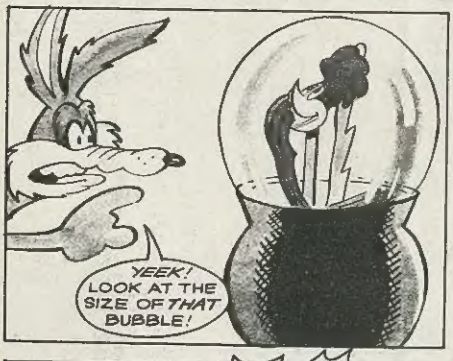
BEEP BEEP The Road Runner

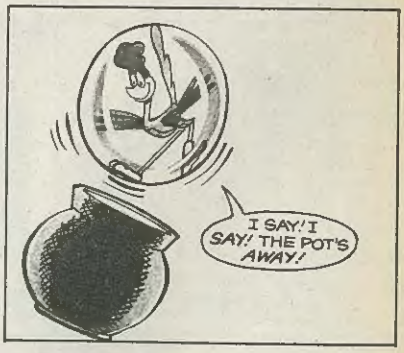












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High flyin' fun with your chums soon.

Readers' Page

£1 for every item published on this page. Plus £2 for the special Star Letter of the week. Send your entry to: TV Comic, Polly Perkins House, 382/386 Edgware Road, London W2 1EP.

My brother and I have written in to tell you about our pet dog whose hobby is chewing up things. He is a lovely dog and we all love him very much, but Dad and Mum get very angry when he starts chewing their slippers and papers.

Debbie and Kevin Durrant, Colchester, Essex.

I understand your parents' point of view. A half-chewed paper is very frustrating. There always seems to be a bit missing where the story is most interesting! Perhaps he will grow out of it?

STAR LETTER

One evening my family were watching a programme on television about antiques. My brother, who was bored, said that he wanted to switch to another channel, but we said that he couldn't as we were interested in the programme. But before long my brother couldn't bear it and stood up to change the channel. But just as he was about to turn the knob, the antiques commentator said: "Do not touch this set!" My brother ran away from the set as fast as possible, and it was a long time before we could convince him that the commentator was talking to somebody in the television studio, and not to him.

Peter Cooper, Barnsley, Yorks.

Two-way television. It sounds as if Big Brother was watching in more ways than one!

Dear Editor

My unusual hobby is collecting wine bottles, empty, of course! It is quite an interesting hobby as wine bottles have so many different shapes and labels. I have two pets, a cat and a rabbit. I have three brothers and one sister. I don't have a favourite story in TV Comic as I think they are all terrific.

Philip Thomas, Glamorgan, S. Wales.

Where do you put them all? Wait for it?!! . . . Do take care you don't get BOTTLED up!!

Dear Editor

My name is Kellie Sheldrake. I think TV Comic is great and I read it every week. My favourite characters are Pink Panther and Tom and Jerry.

Hackney.

Thanks for letting us know, Kellie.

Dear Editor

My name is Lynn Smither. In the photograph with me is my brother, Neil. I also have a baby sister called Kim. We have a mischievous pet cat called MOW, who is always chewing holes in our cardigans.

Arabian Gulf, Bahrain.

First we have a chewing dog, now we have a chewing cat. Do you really need the cardigans in Bahrain?

Dear Editor

My name is Kevin Cowley and I am ten years old. I have lots of hobbies but my most unusual hobby is collecting fizzy drink cans! I plan to make something out of them when I have a lot more. I like Barney Bear best in TV Comic.

Cooden, Sussex.

Everything goes in twos this week. First bottles, now it's cans. It sounds like a riddle. How many cans can Kevin Cowley collect?

Dear Editor

This is a photograph of my pet rabbit, Augusta, and my Gran's dog, Sebastian. They are the best of friends. Augusta chases a ball when you throw it, but Sebastian is getting lazy.

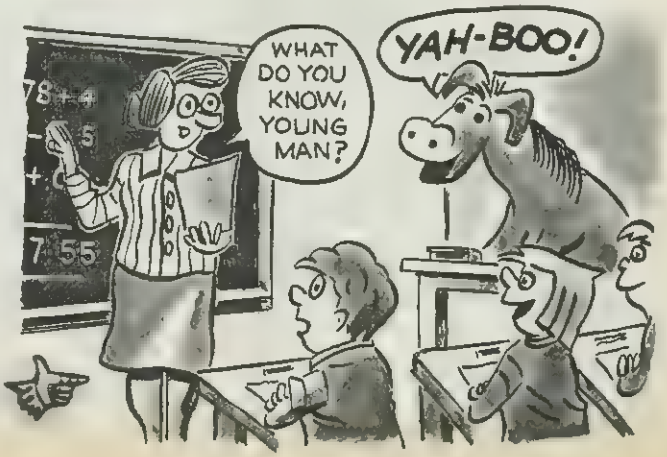
Bridget Fisher, St Dennis, Cornwall.

Here is a limerick for Readers' Page:

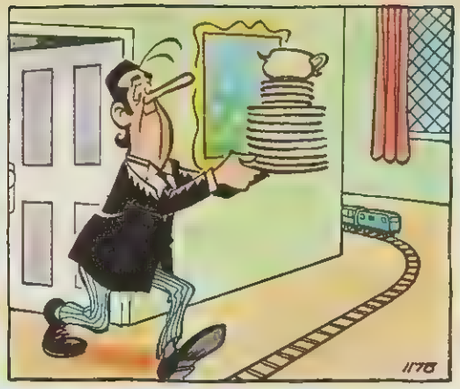
There once was a young lad who at school,
Spent too much time playing the fool
When asked what he knew, he just shouted, "Yah-boo!"
Now today he's a qualified mule.

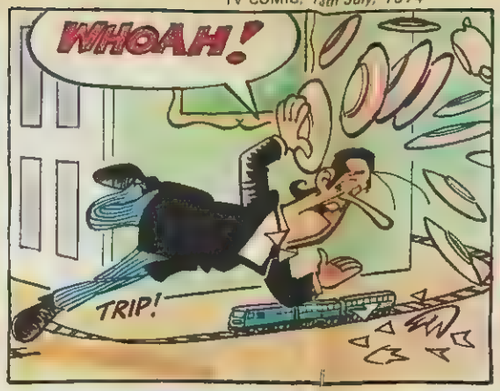
Christopher Rudland, Hampstead, London

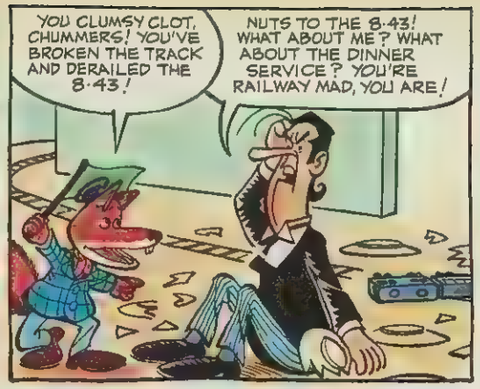
So sad is this tale that you send,
I am sure that this mule was your friend.
Purchase a carrot you must
For it seems only just,
To give him a share of the pound that you spend



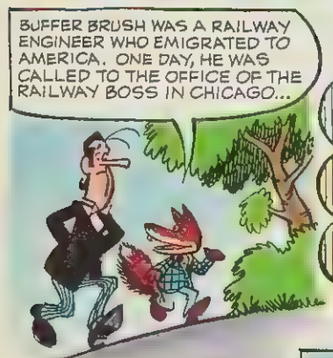
BASIL BRUSH

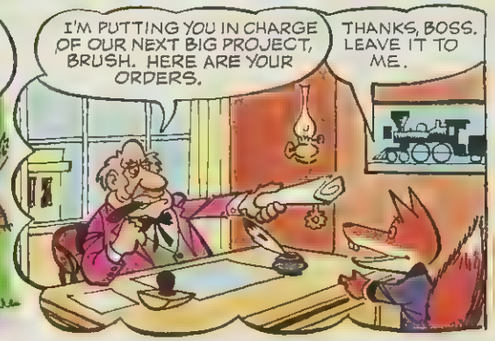


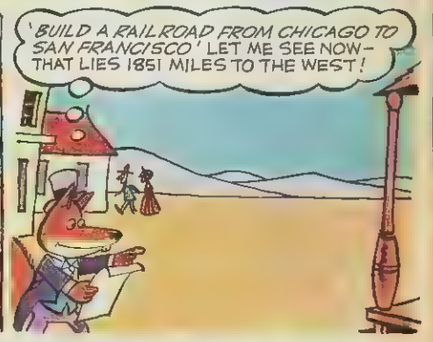


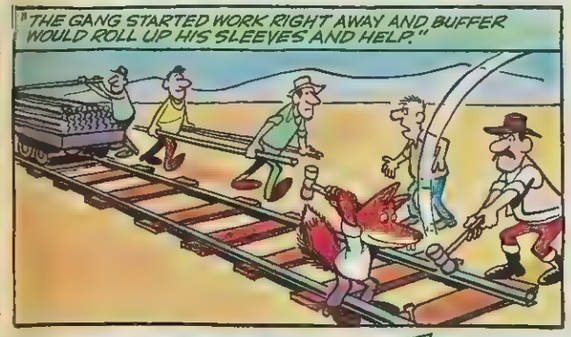

YOU CLUMSY CLOT, CHUMMERS! YOU'VE BROKEN THE TRACK AND DERAILED THE 8·43!
NUTS TO THE 8·43! WHAT ABOUT ME? WHAT ABOUT THE DINNER SERVICE? YOU'RE RAILWAY MAD, YOU ARE!

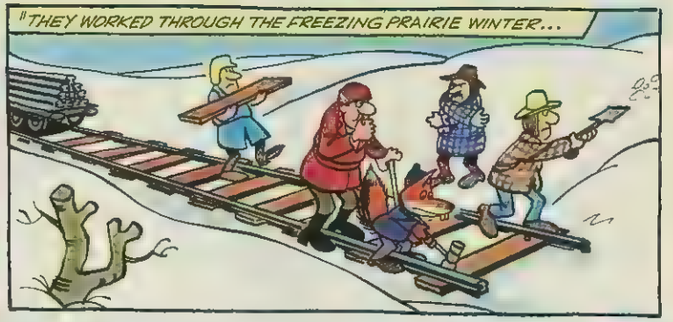
IT 'AS TO STOP! ALL THAT RAILWAY TRACK AROUND THE 'OUSE IS DANGEROUS!
I'M SORRY, CHUMMERS! IT'S JUST THAT THE BRUSH FAMILY HAS ALWAYS BEEN CONNECTED WITH RAILWAYS. COME FOR A WALK AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT MY GREAT, GREAT GRANDFATHER, BUFFER BRUSH, WHO BUILT A RAILWAY FROM CHICAGO TO SAN FRANCISCO!

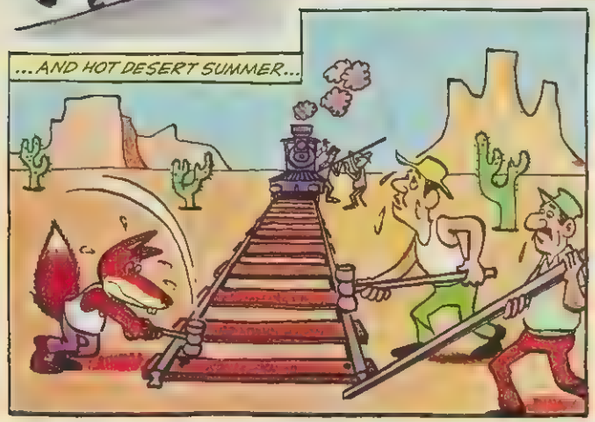

BUFFER BRUSH WAS A RAILWAY ENGINEER WHO EMIGRATED TO AMERICA. ONE DAY, HE WAS CALLED TO THE OFFICE OF THE RAILWAY BOSS IN CHICAGO...

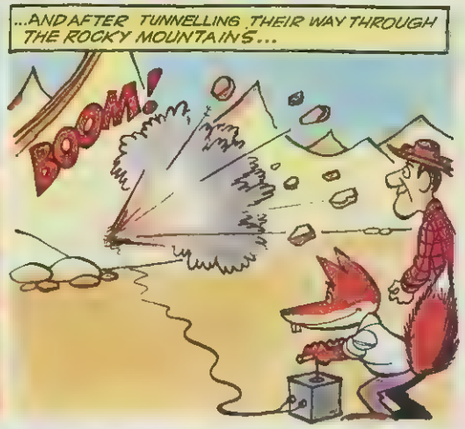


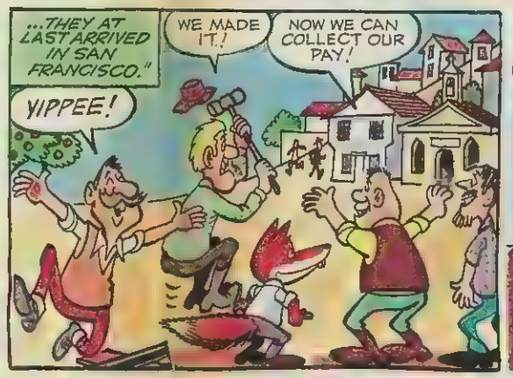


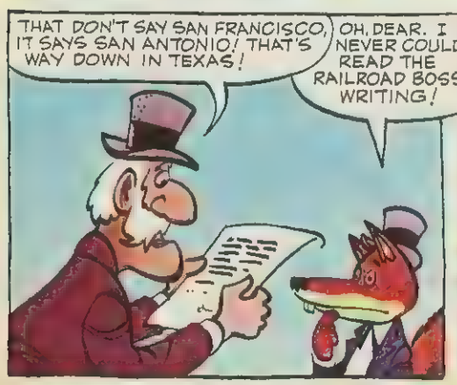


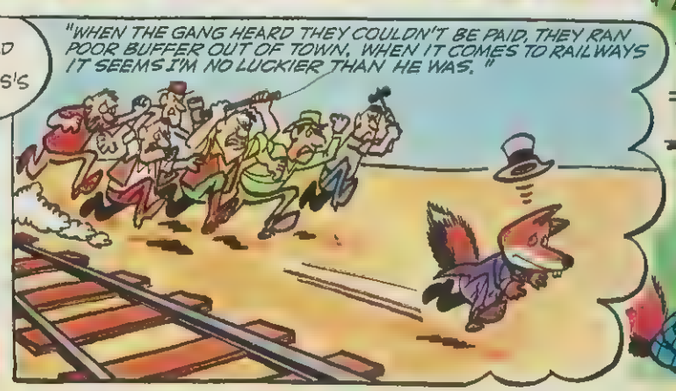









THAT DON'T SAY SAN FRANCISCO, IT SAYS SAN ANTONIO! THAT'S WAY DOWN IN TEXAS!
OH, DEAR. I NEVER COULD READ THE RAILROAD BOSS'S WRITING!


"WHEN THE GANG HEARD THEY COULDN'T BE PAID, THEY RAN POOR BUFFER OUT OF TOWN. WHEN IT COMES TO RAILWAYS IT SEEMS I'M NO LUCKIER THAN HE WAS."

BUT...
CHUMMERS! THEY'VE OPENED A MINIATURE STEAM RAILWAY AROUND THE PARK!
YEAH! AND I'VE JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHIN'! THEY'RE LOOKIN' FOR A PART-TIME ENGINE DRIVER!

Desert disaster for Butch and Chummers next week.

TARZAN 'THE MUTANTS'

THREE diamond-miners are captured by Chief Gaza of the Wamasi after invading a 'sacred' inactive volcano within their territory. When Tarzan saves one of the intruders, Garth, from a giant ant — the result of a strange meteor embedded within the crater mouth — he is to be executed, too. But as Boy and Cheetah free Tarzan

MORE OF THE GIANT INSECTS COME, TARZAN.

IT IS AS I WARNED, GAZA. ALL MEN ARE THEIR PREY!

WE WILL PERISH, O GAZA! THEY ARE TOO GREAT FOR US!

THERE IS NO OTHER CHOICE— WE MUST FLEE THE VILLAGE!

BUT, NO SOONER HAS GAZA SPOKEN, THAN...

TH...THOSE THINGS ARE INTELLIGENT! THEY'VE SURROUNDED US!

TARZAN, WE MUST DO SOMETHING. WE HAVE TO BREAK OUT!

MOST JUNGLE CREATURES FEAR FIRE! PERHAPS THERE IS YET A CHANCE...

AS THE JUNGLE LORD ADVANCES...

SCRAAGH!

SEE! IT BACKS AWAY FROM THE FLAMES. HURRY— BRING MORE TORCHES!

WITHIN FRANTIC MOMENTS...

WE HAVE NOT A SECOND TO SPARE... THE EVIL ONES WILL SOON GROW BOLD!

AIEE! WITHOUT YOU, TARZAN, WE WOULD ALL HAVE DIED!

AND BEYOND THE VILLAGE...

OUR VILLAGE HAS BEEN CRUSHED. I HAVE WRONGED YOU, TARZAN.

LET US NOT TALK OF BLAME— BUT OF DESTROYING THOSE GIANT CREATURES.

LEADER OF THE MINERS, SPENCE, INTERRUPTS...

THAT'S DARN NIGH IMPOSSIBLE! I SAY WE HIT ON OUT OF HERE— BEFORE THEY COME LOOKING FOR US!

WE CANNOT LEAVE THE WAMASI, COWARDLY ONE. THERE IS A WAY...

...BUT IT MEANS WE MUST RETURN TO THE MINING CAMP—AND CLOSE TO THE CREATURES' LAIR!

DANGER EXPLOSIVES

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Don't miss next week's episode.

BANK NOTICE BOARD
DAD'S ARMY
COME ONE, COME ALL
©1974 Peter Thurlow — Baldart Ltd
WHERE THE DEVIL IS JONES AND THE TRANSPORT, WILSON?
I SENT PIKE TO FIND OUT, SIR. AH, HERE HE COMES NOW!
CORPORAL JONES IS VERY SORRY, MR MAINWARING, BUT HE'S HAVING TROUBLE WITH HIS VAN.
HMMPH! WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT ON FOOT THEN. I ONLY HOPE WE'RE NOT LATE FOR THE RENDEZVOUS!
DOES JONESIE KNOW WHERE TO FIND US, SIR?
TOO BAD IF HE DOESN'T, WILSON. WE CAN'T STOP THE WAR FOR ONE SOLITARY CORPORAL.
SOON...
ANY SIGN OF THEM, SIR?
NOT YET, WILSON. PROBABLY HOLDING OFF UNTIL DARK.
MEANWHILE, BACK AT WALMINGTON-ON-SEA...
YOU'D BETTER BEHAVE YOURSELF THIS TIME, YOU OLD SO-AND-SO!
JONES BUTCHER
EVENTUALLY...
BANG BANG BONG
BLIMEY! SOUNDS LIKE A BARRAGE AT MONS, BUT AT LEAST SHE'S GOIN'! I'D BETTER TRY AND CATCH THE BOYS UP.
AND AS DUSK DESCENDS...
SAY, LIEUTENANT, ARE YOU SURE THAT'S THE OPPOSITION? IT LOOKS MORE LIKE SOME SORT OF COMEDY SHOW!
ON THE CLIFF...
FUNNY THEY HAVEN'T SHOWN UP, SIR!
I EXPECT THEY GOT WIND OF OUR REPUTATION AND HAVE USED AN ALTERNATIVE BEACH, WILSON.
ER...M... MR MAINWARING!
AND SO...
OKAY, GRANPAPPIES, THE WAR'S OVER!
GOOD GRACIOUS!
SUDDENLY...
BANG BOOM BANG
ER...YES... I'M AFRAID YOU'VE ALL BEEN SHOT IN MY AMBUSH!
HOLY MACKEREL! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
CAPTURED BY A LOAD OF VETERANS!
SORRY ABOUT THE HOLD-UP, SIR!
NO PROBLEM, JONES, YOU ARRIVED AT THE RIGHT MOMENT!
A CASE OF THINGS BACKFIRING THE RIGHT WAY, EH, SIR?

See Mainwaring's masterpiece soon!

BOPPO'S CLUB

Westmorland House,
104 Stokes Croft,
Bristol BS99 7QX.

Hello there,

I am always hearing about people who do special things to help handicapped children and it is surprising how many folk there are who cheerfully give up their free time for just this purpose.

I was reading in a special newspaper about a London Policeman who did this and I am sure you will be interested to hear about him. He is Mounted Police Constable Webb who, apart from riding and caring for one of those wonderful London police horses, is Founder Chairman of The Diamond Riding Centre.

He first realised that riding could be a useful interest for handicapped people when he visited some friends in Hampshire who were teaching someone to ride. Constable Webb decided there and then that he must do something. He started in a small way at Oxted, with borrowed ponies and equipment, and over a period of five years, he raised the fantastic total of £163,000 for a special riding centre. While some of this money was given by big organisations a lot was raised by raffles and sponsored horse riding events by groups of friends.

Many handicapped riders have proved that on the back of a horse they can be as good as able bodied riders, and Constable Webb wanted to be sure they were given their chance.

All this splendid effort resulted in The Diamond Riding Centre for the Handicapped being opened this year and because he did not feel able to turn young people away once they became 16 his work has been extended to cover adult riders as well. The Centre is near a hospital and many of the pupils come from there. The main riding area is covered and heated so that lessons can go on in all weather. The Centre now has 10 ponies of its own and has spent a lot of money on special saddles and other equipment.

Constable Webb began with voluntary helpers but he now has some paid workers as well to ensure that the work can go on at all times. Pupils start with three helpers each and this number is decreased one by one until the riders can manage alone. Constable Webb feels that a big thing about horse riding is that every rider becomes a person in their own right regardless of whether they can walk or do other things for themselves and he says: 'No one can look down on them when they are high up on a horse.'

Riding is generally regarded as a rich person's sport but now, thanks to this London policeman, a large number of handicapped people can join in.

'Bye for now,

Boppo

I-SPY

IS THERE A CANE IN YOUR SCHOOL?

Ask Dad about punishments in school when he was a boy. He'll probably tell you that there was a cane in every school — and they were used, too. Now nearly all have disappeared.

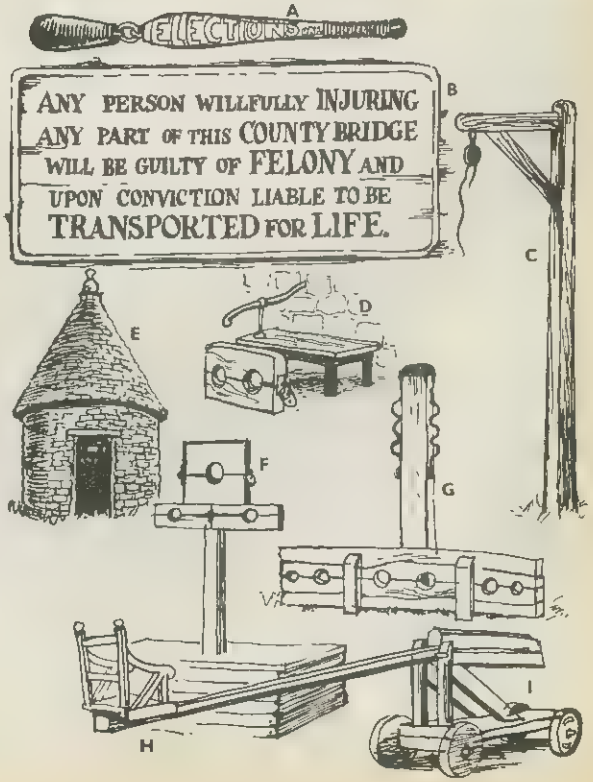
Policemen still carry truncheons, but they don't often use them. Not like the old days when truncheons (A) were hinged in two parts, for swinging at people.

You could be transported to Australia for life just for damaging a bridge, as the notice (B) tells you. And you could be hanged from a gibbet (C) merely for stealing a sheep. Wrong-doers were often put in the stocks (D) for several hours and stones, eggs and fruit thrown at them, or they might be put with their head through a pillory (F) or their wrists put through a whipping post (G) and held while they were whipped.

The village lock-up (E) held wrong-doers for an hour or two before they could be moved to the local jail. You can still see them in country villages.

A ducking stool, with its chair (H) on the end of a long arm and its wheel trolley (I) was used for punishing scolds, chattery old women, by ducking them in the local pond or river.

Look out for any of these 'punishments of the past' as you travel around.



The BUGS BUNNY Show
'RODEO ROLLICKING!'
LOOK OUT, BRONCOS! HERE COMES THE CHAMPION BRONCO-BUSTER IN THE WEST!
TO THE RODEO
?
THERE AIN'T A BRONCO LIVING AH CAN'T BUST!
ONE MOMENT, MY FRIEND. I THINK YOUR BRAIN HAS BUSTED!
YOU CAN'T EVEN RIDE A BIKE NEVER MIND A BRONCO, YOU DAFT DUCK!
OH, YEAH?
LET ME TELL YOU, RABBIT... WE DAFFIES ARE THE ROUGHEST, TOUGHEST, MEANEST BRONCO-BUSTERS EVER TO SET FOOT ON THIS EARTH!
STAY ON A BRONC'S BACK FOR FIVE SECONDS AND I'LL STAY OFF CARROTS FOR A WEEK!
SO...
YIPPEE!
YAHOO!
RODEO
PREPARE TO CATER WITHOUT CARROTS, RABBIT! WE DAFFIES HAVE BEEN BUSTING BRONCOS FER GENERATIONS!
THIS I JUST HAVE TO SEE!
OKAY, FELLAHS! LET HER RIP!
THAT DEMENTED DUCK IS TAKING HIMSELF FOR A RIDE!
I GAVE THAT DUCK TOO MUCH CREDIT! THAT'S HIM OFF IN TWO SECONDS!
BUCK!
YEEIKES! WHAT'S THAT DAFT DUCK DOING?
SWOOP!
FLAP!
FLAP!
OKAY, BRONC! YUH AIN'T RID O' ME YET!
OH, NO!
!
DON'T GO AWAY, BRONC! AH'LL BE BACK AGAIN IN A TICK!
BUCK!
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...
GASP!
SPLUTTER!
I'LL TAKE THE TROPHY FROM YOU, SIR... THEN TO SETTLE WITH THAT RABBIT!
I'LL RETURN YOUR CARROT STOCK IN ONE WEEK, BUGSY!
GAH! NOT ONE TO EAT! I SHALL NEVER WAGER AGAIN!
BUGS BUNNY

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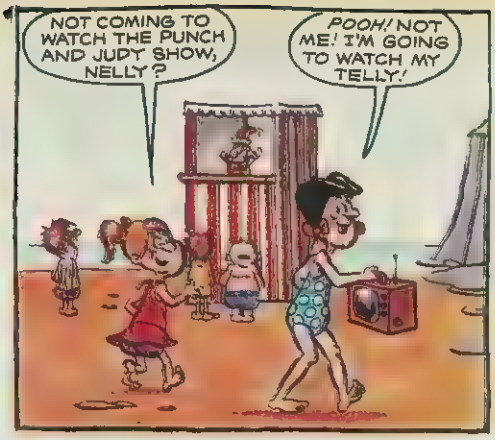
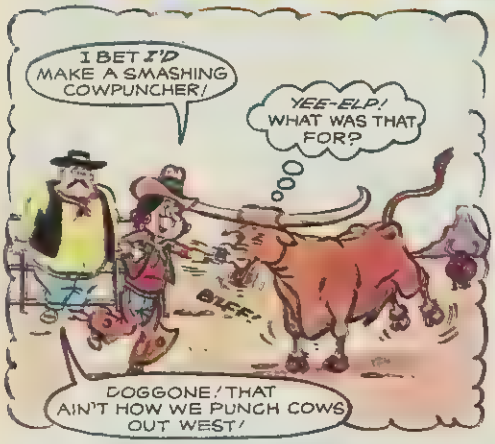
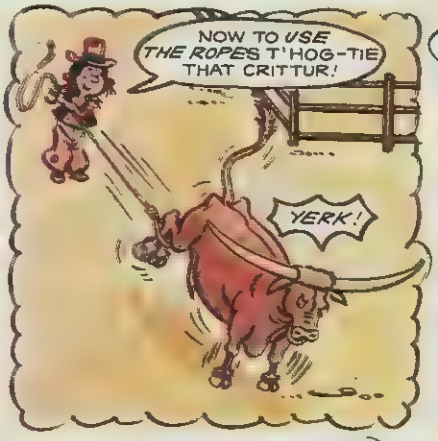
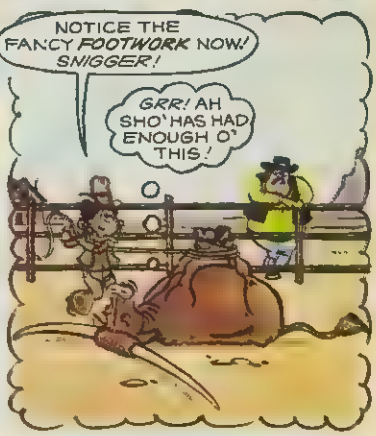
Soon: Singing Sylvester's seeing stars!

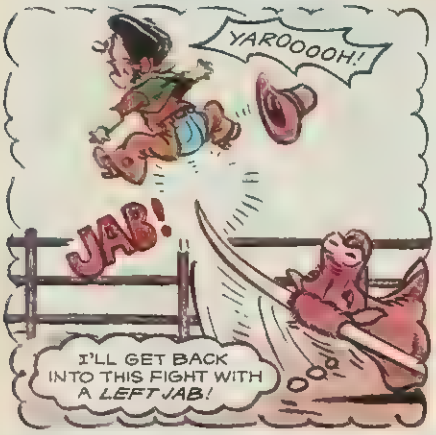
NELLY AND HER TELLY

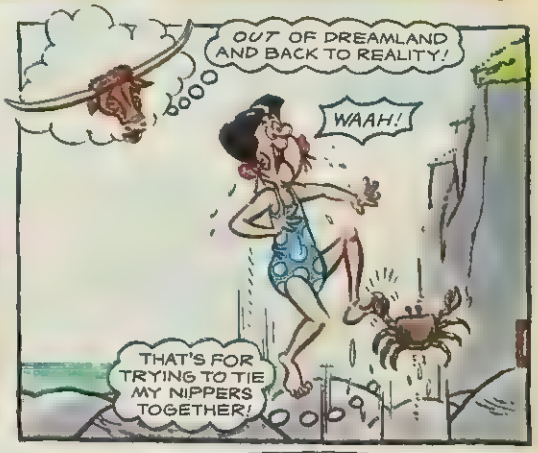


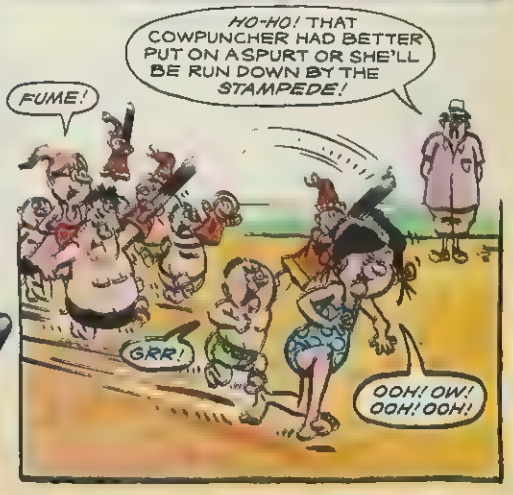


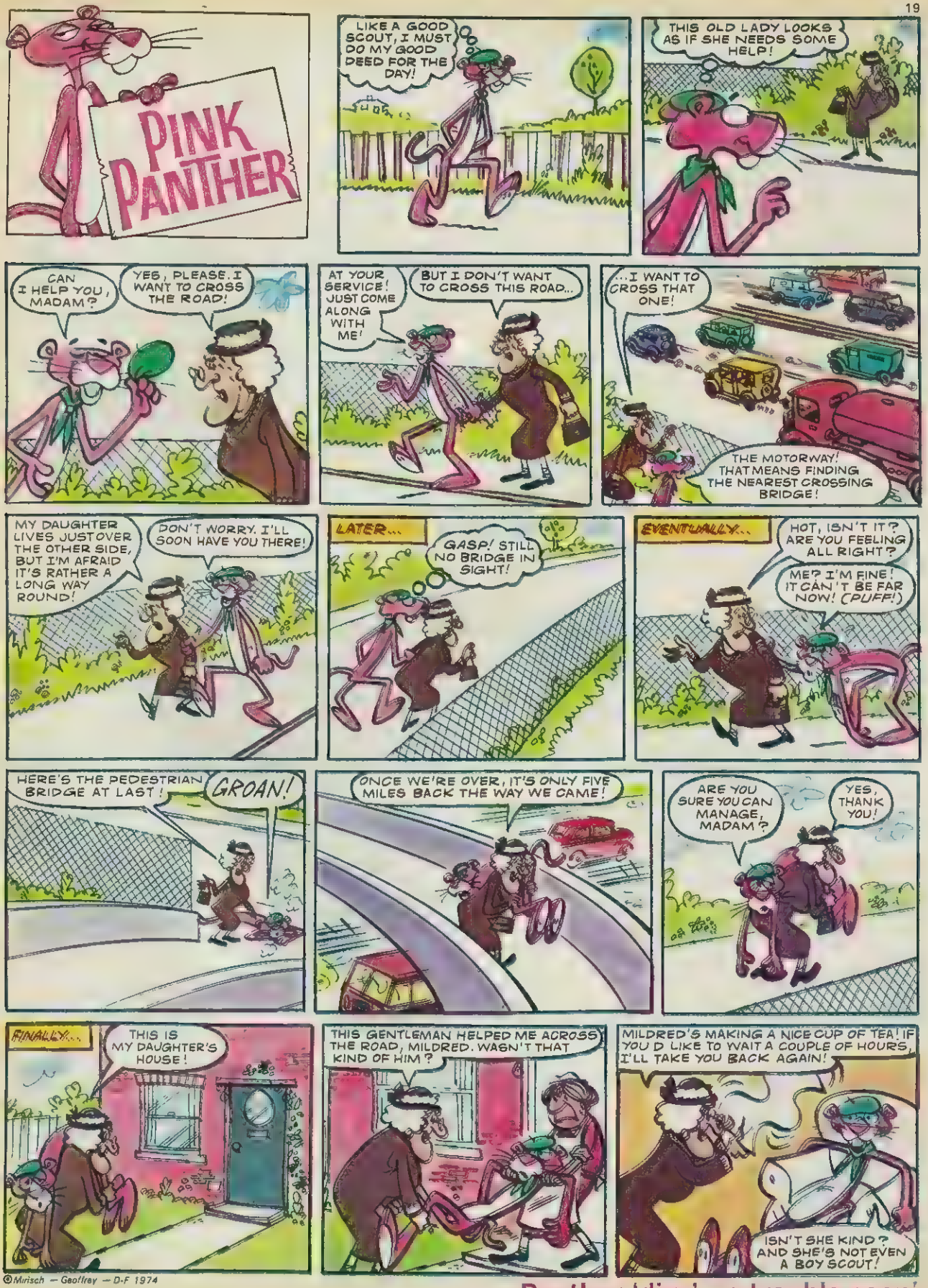











PINK PANTHER
LIKE A GOOD SCOUT, I MUST DO MY GOOD DEED FOR THE DAY!
THIS OLD LADY LOOKS AS IF SHE NEEDS SOME HELP!
CAN I HELP YOU, MADAM?
YES, PLEASE. I WANT TO CROSS THE ROAD!
AT YOUR SERVICE! JUST COME ALONG WITH ME!
BUT I DON'T WANT TO CROSS THIS ROAD...
...I WANT TO CROSS THAT ONE!
THE MOTORWAY! THAT MEANS FINDING THE NEAREST CROSSING BRIDGE!
MY DAUGHTER LIVES JUST OVER THE OTHER SIDE, BUT I'M AFRAID IT'S RATHER A LONG WAY ROUND!
DON'T WORRY. I'LL SOON HAVE YOU THERE!
LATER...
GASP! STILL NO BRIDGE IN SIGHT!
EVENTUALLY...
HOT, ISN'T IT? ARE YOU FEELING ALL RIGHT?
ME? I'M FINE! IT CAN'T BE FAR NOW! (PUFF!)
HERE'S THE PEDESTRIAN BRIDGE AT LAST!
GROAN!
ONCE WE'RE OVER, IT'S ONLY FIVE MILES BACK THE WAY WE CAME!
ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN MANAGE, MADAM?
YES, THANK YOU!
FINALLY...
THIS IS MY DAUGHTER'S HOUSE!
THIS GENTLEMAN HELPED ME ACROSS THE ROAD, MILDRED. WASN'T THAT KIND OF HIM?
MILDRED'S MAKING A NICE CUP OF TEA! IF YOU'D LIKE TO WAIT A COUPLE OF HOURS, I'LL TAKE YOU BACK AGAIN!
ISN'T SHE KIND? AND SHE'S NOT EVEN A BOY SCOUT!

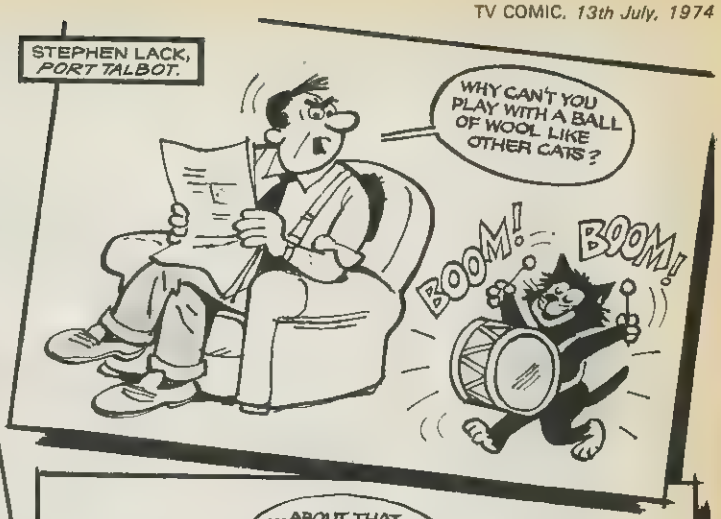
©Mirisch — Geoffrey — D-F 1974

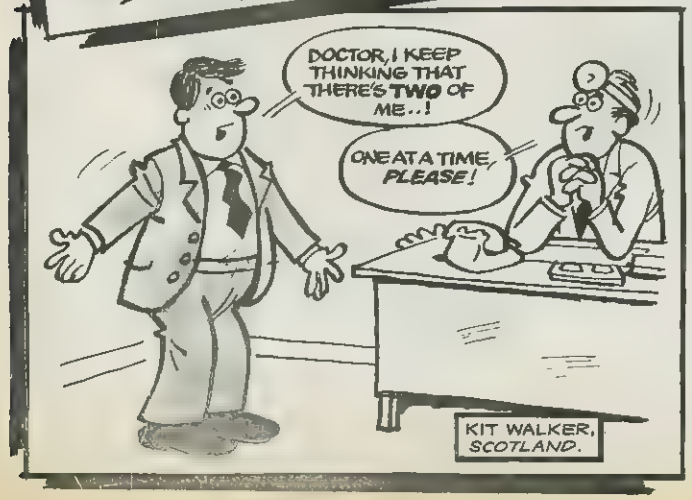
Panther 'digs' up trouble soon'

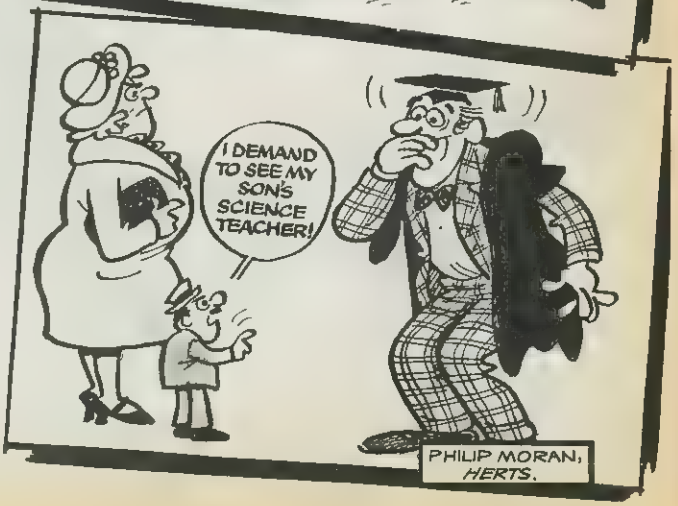
Readers' Jokes!

£1 FOR EACH JOKE PRINTED. SEND YOUR ENTRY TO: THE EDITOR, POLLY PERKINS HOUSE, 382-386 EDGWARE ROAD, LONDON W.2. 1EP.

DAVID SHAW, YORKS
JENKINS! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF CRAWLING INTO MY CLASS, FIVE MINUTES LATE?
WELL, SIR, LAST TIME YOU TOLD ME NEVER TO WALK IN LATE AGAIN!







Laurel & Hardy

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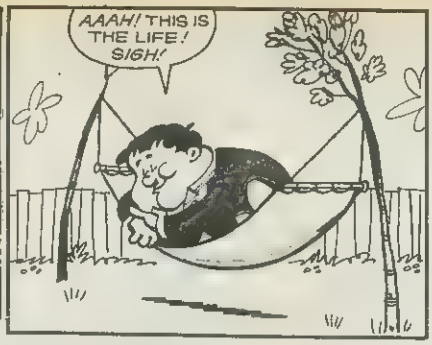
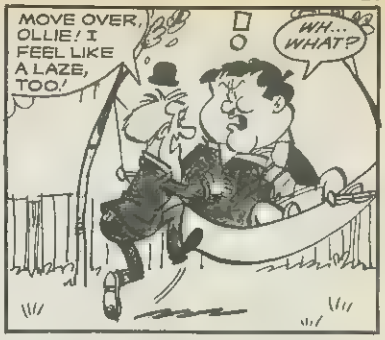
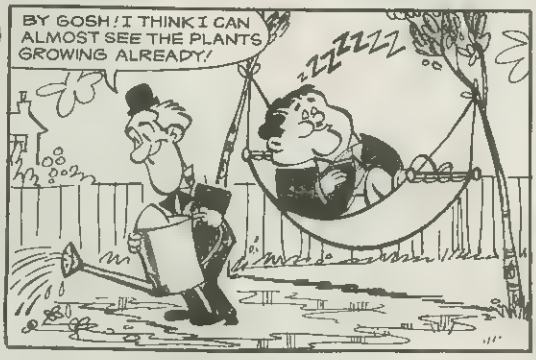




THAT'S A GOOD BUY, MISTER LAUREL! GUARANTEED TO GROW HAIRS ON A BILLIARD BALL!
GRO-RUWICK
I HOPE SO, SIR, OR OLLIE WILL BE MOST DISPLEASED



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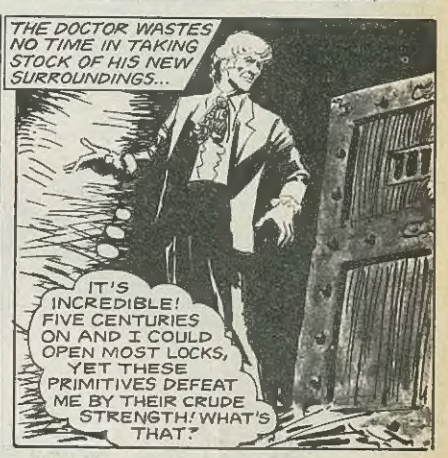
DR WHO 'THE MAGICIANS'

BACK in England's middle ages, the Doctor has been taken to the castle of Lord Geoffrey de Beauvain after being found with a dead deer. The Time-Traveller pleads his innocence, but to no avail. As he is dragged off to the dungeons, a strange figure watches him . . .


THE DOCTOR WASTES NO TIME IN TAKING STOCK OF HIS NEW SURROUNDINGS...
IT'S INCREDIBLE! FIVE CENTURIES ON AND I COULD OPEN MOST LOCKS, YET THESE PRIMITIVES DEFEAT ME BY THEIR CRUDE STRENGTH! WHAT'S THAT?

AND WHAT IS YOUR CRIME, MY FRIEND? DID YOU ALSO GET CAUGHT WITH A DEAD DEER!
BY THE SAINTS, BROTHER, THOU HAST A STRANGE TURN OF SPEECH. WHO ARE YOU?

THEY CALL ME THE DOCTOR. BUT TELL ME-WHY ARE *YOU* A PRISONER OF THAT TYRANT?
IF THOU ART AN ALCHEMIST, THOU MIGHT INDEED BE AN ANSWER FROM HEAVEN. BUT THY MAGIC HAS TO BE GREAT TO DEFEAT SIGNUS.

© 1974 BBC tv Enterprises

AND SO THE DOCTOR LEARNS THAT HIS COMPANION IS HAVAL, ONE-TIME SERGEANT AT ARMS TO THE LORD OF CASTLE BEAUVAIN...
WE HAD RETURNED FROM THE CRUSADES AND THE SERFS GAVE US A GOODLY WELCOME. MY LIEGE WAS WELL PLEASED AND THOUGHT HIS BROTHER HAD SERVED LOYAL STEWARDSHIP OF HIS AFFAIRS.
AT THE BANQUET MY LORD WAS STRICKEN DOWN. IN TRUTH, I THOUGHT IT WAS POISON. BUT MY LORD BEAUVAIN DID NOT DIE!
HE STILL LIVETH UNDER THE MAGIC OF THAT SON OF SATAN, SIGNUS.
TO DIE SO SOON AFTER HIS RETURN MIGHT CAUSE SUSPICIONS AT COURT. UNDER SIGNUS'S POWER, HIS USURPING BROTHER MAY CHOOSE HIS TIME AT WILL.
THE SAME COUNTS FOR HIS LORDSHIP'S COMRADES. YOUR DEATHS COULD ATTRACT ATTENTION. LOCKED AWAY, YOU CAUSE NO HARM!
WELL, MY FRIEND. IF I AM TO SURVIVE TOMORROW'S SUNRISE, I MUST FIND A WAY TO ESCAPE. THE RATS COULD POSSIBLY SHOW ME A ROUTE!
HIGH ABOVE THEM IN HIS PRIVATE TOWERS ANOTHER IS DEEP IN THOUGHT...
EVEN I DARE NOT FREE THE WIZARD, BUT SPEAK WITH HIM I MUST. THIS SPELL COULD CREATE THAT BRIDGE... AHA! THE VISION COMES!
BUT WHAT IS THIS?
THEY ARE ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE!

Another exciting episode next week.

26E Leedsom

POPEYE
SPINACH
HOW ABOUT A SPOT O' FISHIN' OUT IN THA BOAT, SWEE'PEA?
NO THANKS, UNCA.
A HIKE THEN?
NOPE.
IT AIN'T NATURAL, OLIVE. A BEAUTIFUL MORNIN' AN' ALL THE KIDDLIN' WANTS TO DO IS WATCH TELEVISION.
YOU'LL HAVE TO BE FIRM WITH HIM, POPEYE!
SWEE' PEA, I HAS TO BE FIRM WIT' YOU! YOU CAN'T WATCH TV WHEN YOU COULD BE OUT IN THE FRESH AIR!
BUT, UNCA...!
NO BUTS!
BUT, UNCA, I WANTS TO SEE IF I'VE WON THE 'CHEEKY CHUCKLES' JOKE COMPETITION!
AND THIS WEEK'S WINNER IS...
...SWEE'PEA!
I'VE WON, UNCA! I'VE WON!
NOW FOR HIS PRIZE, SWEE'PEA HAS THE CHOICE OF...
...UNDERWATER SWIMMING EQUIPMENT...
...A COMPLETE SHARK FISHING OUTFIT...
...A GLASS FIBRE DINGHY OR A...
TWO DAYS LATER...
SWEE'PEA'S DOWN AT THE BOAT NOW.
DID HIS PRIZE TURN UP?
YEAH. YOU'LL SEE IT WHEN WE GET TO THE BOAT!
SOON...
HUH! A BATTERY-OPERATED TV SET!
AT LEAST HE'S OUT IN THE FRESH AIR!

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Rocking rollicks on this page soon!

A RECEPTACLE
PRESENTATION